Marshal Marmonts command: from Napoleons era in Dalmatia (a three act musical picture)

PREFACE

A few words of preface to this latest work by Tijardović.

The tunes of his previous four operettas are sung on every occasion and on every street corner, not only in Split, but in all our coastal towns and villages. Tijardović's tunes pushed the Italian songs, which Trieste served us until a short time ago, into oblivion forever. Comare, che boira, O giovanotti, piangete, Antonio Freno, post-war Capinere and similar chants, which undeservedly gave this oldest region of ours the character of a bastard, have been silenced forever, and their place echoes today with the air of Tijardović's sweet melodies: My Split is far from me, Oj, kućo mala!, Perina strambera, etc. If nothing else but this alone could be credited to Tijardović, he would have already greatly indebted to his native region.

Here, in chronological order, we will briefly present Tijardović's musical works, for which he himself writes the text, stages, directs and conducts himself. There is no doubt that the secret of his success and popularity lies in the actuality and modernity of the suite, which deals with:

Pierot Ilo (year 1922) was created at a time when post-war lust and greed for money had reached its peak. With his first work, Tijardović angrily branded these human delusions. To the ridiculous war speculators and fans, the price opposes its main hero Pierot Ila, who in his primitive life is happy and overjoyed, because he does not know greed or money. The topic is modern and current, you couldn't even wish for a more current topic! Pierot Ilo is ruled by nostalgic melancholy with endless horizons, longing for the unknown virginity of things. With this first work of his, Tijardović won a lot of sympathy. audience and - as is already known - it penetrated with him beyond the borders of our homeland.

Tijardović's second work, Mala Floramya (year 1924), was published as ordered, at a time when everything in our country had already begun to fall into two camps; namely in the camp of the victors and the vanquished, the liberators and the freed. The main character of Mala Floramye, the Yugoslav volunteer Mirko, along with the comic figure >>šjor Bepa of Split<<<, have to say that both sides contributed to the victory according to their personal virtues and inclinations, that liberation and unification were created by a united will. and great sacrifices from

one side and the other. It is not actually stated directly anywhere, but it is too well seen that it is so; because the profiles of the main faces were created by rigorous study, by no means by conventional fabrication. Mala Floramye filled the Split theater 37 times, and that is enough to understand how much this work was liked.

Kraljica Lopte (year 1925), Tijardović's third operetta, was written on the occasion of the celebration of J. S. K. Hajduk's 15th birthday. It glorifies sport, which today, not only here, but everywhere, is on the agenda. The Queen of the Ball is actually Tijardović's only operetta in the true sense of the word, since all his other works go beyond the ordinary notion of operetta both in terms of the conception of the text and the broad musical treatment; these are actually the histories of individual current personalities with music

Spliski akvarel (year 1928) was created at a time when it seemed that our intelligentsia had lost all contact with the broad strata of the people. From a musical point of view, this work marks Tijardović's strong rise. Rejecting everything that could look like fashion, the author descends among the small regiment of the town of Split, finds out in local folklore all its virtues and vices. He perceives and emphasizes precisely what other people do not perceive, or what they consider to be self-evident. It's as if he's looking for what no one usually looks for. And that's exactly the core, that's what's important about the lowest layers; their submission and dedication to fate, their equal gratitude for both the good and the bad that God sends them. This little regiment sees people in the lost woman and in the ordinary cheat Lesandra and in the strangers Gianni and Willya, real, upright people, and that's why they are not confused or upset by other people's passions or other people's vices, because they have understanding and forgiveness for everything. You need to listen to Spli's watercolor several times to notice its inner connection and harmony.

With this brief presentation of Tijardović's works, we wanted to warn that his work so far is thought out, thorough, modern and systematically implemented, that his only goal is not entertainment, but also the benefit of the people. Thanks to him, the unsubsidized theater in Split, with its impossible system of private ownership of the lodges, which deprives the theater of all profitability, was able to stage five original domestic musical novelties in a short time, thus three times more than all large and small subsidized - at and unsubsidized theaters throughout the country. With his new work Command of Marshal Marmont Tijardović, he takes great steps forward. This work no longer deals with local folklore, it is not written in dialect, but in a forced literary language. With it, the author goes into the past not only of Split, but of the whole of Central Dalmatia. The author

very aptly chose the short period of French rule over these shores. Under the accidental, so to speak, government of the great Conqueror, who carried the free-thinking ideas of the French Revolution on his banners, the domestic supporters of the opposing parties appear before our eyes as they are, in the true light, because they no longer have a reason to to pretend and pretend. Split a full 120 years ago, with its domestic and foreign nobility, with its commoners, the neighboring Republic Poljička (The Republic of Poljička or Principality of Poljička is the name for the area east of Split, more precisely from Žrnovnica to Blat na Cetina and Omiš and from the sea to Zamosorj.), which defends its independence in vain, the beautiful spy of Countess Mira, the famous military leader Marshal Marmont, the victorious French eagles, all this has been presented faithfully. according to tradition and established historical facts. In front of our eyes, the past of our native land emerges, to which sweet melodies give the charm of visions and dreams, the voices of our forefathers reach us from afar, the ages look at us, we are illuminated by faith in the immortality of the nation and confidence in its better future...May this new work by Tijardović be received with the same rapture and enthusiasm as all his boring works (dr. Marin Bego. Split, March 30, 1929.)

PERSONS:

JELICA KARAMAN

LUCIEN DE LECESTRE, Second Lieutenant of the French Army

PAUL-LOUIS BONNARD, Second Lieutenant of the French Army

LAURENT BACHELU LE BEAU, colonel of the French army

First soldier

Second soldier

Third soldier

IVAN ČOVIĆ, Grand Duke of the Poljičke Republic

DON MATIJ SLADOJEVIĆ, pro-vicar in the Republic of Poljička

ALFRED DANESE, cop colonel

ANDRIJA KUVAČIĆ, assistant in the guild

LUKA IVANIŠEVIĆ, the first Ustasha* (does not refer to the Ustaše of WWII , but rather is used in the context of not wanting to be under foreign rule….the term takes on a meaning of “freedom fighter” rather then “facist”)

COUNT. JAKOV CINDRO, mayor of the city of Split

COUNTESS ANA CINDRO, his wife

COUNTESS BRILLANTE TRAMONTI (speaks with a heavy accent, her english is broken)

COUNTESS BELLA SPARITI (speaks with a heavy accent, her english is broken)

COUNTESS MIRA DRAŽOEVIĆ (same person as Jelica Karaman)

ALEXANDRE VIESSE DE MARMONT, Marshal of France army and commander of the army in Dalmatia

AUGUST VIGNOLLE, divisional general of the French armymayor of the general staff of the army

One French officer

(The first lackey, Singer,Violinist,Cellist,Harfist) - first act of the play

(Statue of Amor ,Statue of a Lady, Statue of a Chevalier, 1. Guard, 2.Guard) - second act of the play

French officers and soldiers, Ustaše, Moscow soldiers, high dignitaries, noblewomen, noblemen, children, lackeys, etc.

It takes place in the year 1807, in the month of June.

Act I. Wing near Split

Act II. in the palace of the mayor of the city of Split

Act III. in the rivers near Split

Duc de Raguse Maréchal Marmont Meirnoires (Tome Troisieme), Paris 1857.

L'Abbé Paul Pisani La Dalmatia, Paris 1893.

Alfons Pavich von Pfauenthal: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Republik Poljica bei Spalato, Wien 1907.

Ivan Pivčević History of Poljica, Split 1921.

ACT I

(Seaside Dalmatian landscape. Wing near Split. Split channel with the island of Brač in the background. Left and right olive trees, their treetops meet so that they form a frame around it all. Its eve . On the right larmier in the channel, three anchored Moscow ships can be seen in the distance The military tents are pitched, and a pale light is coming from one. A war is going on between Marshal Marmont and the Poljičke Republic, to whose aid the Muscovites have sailed. this is a guerilla war, which the brave Poljičani imposed on the French, and therefore watch out for spies).

SCENE I.

Choir of French soldiers, changing of the guard and de Lecestre's song.

BONNARD:

(he leaves the tent in a shirt with a smock in his hand, puts it on, gets ready to leave, because the guard is about to change. He disappears to the left.)

GUARD:

(he also disappears from the stage. From afar, the marching of soldiers with the beating of a drum is heard. 8 soldiers, a drummer and Bonnard appear from the left.)

BONNARD:

(command) Stand to the right front!

(8 soldiers, a drummer and De Lecestre perform on the right.)

DE LECESTRE:

(command) To the right front - stop!

BONNARD:

To the left circle!

OFFICERS:

In honor!

(they exchange salutations with sabers.)

OFFICERS:

To the leg! (meaning get up or get to work)

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

The replacement has come fresh,

The replacement is here,

For the tired rest awaits you,

Dance to the song, life is crazy,

Dancing ,looking for a girl

who he wouldn't have found his love,

Don't spend your rest foolishly,

Your rest!

BONNARD:

(strictly to the soldiers) These are private things now, I only know about the service!

DE LECESTRE:

(to Bonnard) Still, I bet you it's the same thing with you!

DE LECESTRE AND BONNARD:

(commanding) you are free!

SOLDIERS:

(they separate, pat each other on the shoulders and shout) Allez, enfants, allez-y!

DE LECESTRE AND BONNARD:

Be quiet!

ALL:

(ironically) It's a state of war!

SOLDIERS:

Allez, vieux Grognards!

DE LECESTRE AND BONNARD:

Just be quiet!

ALL:

It's a state of war!

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha!!

BONNARD AND THE CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

To Napoleon's Imperial Army

A joke is such a thing!

DE LECESTRE AND CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

Conquer the tiny Republic, the Strategist needs a worthy one right?!

ALL:

Our pep is a tradition, we are a nation of ecstasy.

DE LECESTRE:

But we know something else:

ALL:

We know: all how to kiss!

DELECESTRE:

A beautiful girl, two or three, -

ALL:

Two or three, our favorite is when there are three!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

The replacement has arrived fresh, etc...* (whenever etc is written it means its a repeat of an already said sentance/song)

OFFICERS:

(they command) Split up!

SCENE II.

DE LECESTRE:

(he takes off his saber and cap, puts it in the tent, and the rest of the soldiers also disrobe, except for three, who remain armed).

SCENE III.

SECOND SOLDIER:

(enters suddenly from the left, greets De Lecestre and hands him the order) My second lieutenant, the clutch of the commander of the detachment, Colonel Bachelo, brings you this order from Marshal Marmont! *(Salutes and goes left.)*

SCENE IV.

DE LECESTRE:

(opens and reads) To the Commander of the Coast Guard, Second Lieutenant De Lecestre...

On the orders of Marshal Marmont, commander of the army in Dalmatia, the war council, composed of Generals Lecchi, Monfalcone, Testa and Colonel Bachelu, decided to send all available troops from Split, so that the Republic of Poljička would submit as soon as possible. We must avenge Lieutenant Ducroc, who disappeared on June 4 and whose suit was found in Strožanac in Villa Cindro, and Guard Villeneuve, who was killed by

the Ustashas in an ambush near Duć, beheaded and sent to Moscow's Admiral Sinjavin as a gift. Zadar, on June 5, 1807.

Mayor of the General Staff of the Army, Divisional General VIGNOLLE

For delivery to all guards 11. e

I am therefore ordering the Coast Guard Wing to keep a watchful eye on spies, especially on a beautiful young girl, who are constantly hanging around the guards. The Grand Duke with Colonel Danese, the Vicar and assistant in the guild are preparing to escape, the Moscow navy offers them hospitality. Be especially careful from the sea side. Wing, June 6, 1807.

COLONEL BACHELU.

(Saves the order. Thoughtful) And she's a spy... De Lecestre is at a crossroads: soldier or lover!?

(To the soldiers, who form a circle around him)

Watch out, lads, because today she will pass by,

dusk who chooses to carry the fruit to the city,

Prepare the raid and immediately bring her before me,

A strict test is waiting for that Polličku spy then!

(Moves away from the soldier)

It would be easy

If it wasn't a dear creature,

Easy and smooth

If it's not a beautiful thing:

they provoke love

Those fiery eyes provoke love,

they provoke love

That tan complexion-

A desert flower

But there is no equal to her ,

And in the garden shes rare

that Ures!* (type of Dalmatian flower)

(Approaching the soldiers)

Don't,lads, just treat her cruelly, Her statements will be a cure for the French army,

Let her come fresh and clear before me,

She will receive the punishment, that she will remember her whole life!

(Move away)

It would be easy, etc.

DE LECESTRE AND THE CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

A desert flower, etc...

BONNARD:

Performance- be careful - to the left - step!

DE LECESTRE:

(orders the armed soldiers) You, by the sea! Watch out for boats that want to dock! The Moscow boats successfully docked all night! *(Armed soldiers leave)* The others go rest! *(He goes to the tent and the other soldiers also disappear from the stage, some to the left, some to the right.)*

SCENE V.

A distant shepherd's song.

FIRST CHILDS VOICE:

(backstage)

Ooo! Ooo!

Ooo! Ooo!

(The bell of the herd can sometimes be heard in the distance.)

FIRST AND SECOND CHILDREN'S VOICE:

Aooo!

Aoo!

SCENE VI.

JELICA:

(She enters cautiously from the right, meticulously searches every corner).

FIRST CHILD'S VOICE:

Aoo!

Aoo!

Jelica's song.

JELICA:

(quietly) “oh Miro, countess! Express yourself, save the Count!

You're beautiful and smart, you can fool the guard, let us

have free passage to the Moscow ship!

Moscow is big, it will save us little ones!” says the Count

“A nice gift for you, Miro, is waiting for the wedding, and my promise-

it's not crazy joy!”*(Lively)*

Ah, the wedding!

“Rejoice, maiden mother,

For you a beautiful bouquet blooms,

You think of their gifts:

A beautiful gift, a married girl!”

Aoo! Aoo!

“goodbye maiden mother,

You bore me young

And for that thank you for the beautiful gift...

To see a married girl!”

Aooo! Aoo!

Ooo! Ooo!

(The shepherd's bell is heard again)

FIRST CHILD'S VOICE:

Ooo! Ooo!

JELICA:

My poor shepherd's bell, your days are numbered, you will be trampled by a desolate army! *(Examines the stage)*

Nobody here today,

Isn't it a secret?

(cunning)

Hey, wait, my boy, in love, Cunning, but you're not alone!

(suductivly)

“Here, lads, a young girl, ao!

, Wouldn't it be nice to dance the kolo with her now?,

ao, Ao!”

“Where are you lads, why did you fall asleep on me?, ao,

Shame on you,a girl has to wake you up now,

ao, Ao!”

SCENE VII.

(3 armed soldiers enter, cautiously surround Jelica)

FIRST SOLDIER:

Stop!

JELICA:

(Smiling) I'm stopping!

FIRST SOLDIER:

Aha, little bird, we caught you! These are the hours, when should you take a walk through the detachment?!

JELICA:

Im just minding my own business!

SCENE VIII.

DE LECESTRE:

(Enters and follows the soldiers) Leave her alone! Alone with me, to put that insolent enemy to the test!

SOLDIERS:

(leave)

SCENE IX.

Duet of Jelica and De Lecestre.

DE LECESTRE:

(To Jelica, whom he approaches) Good evening, little girl!

JELICA:

Good evening!

DE LECESTRE:

You go to the city every night? *(Inspects her basket).*

JELICA:

Every night, yes!

DE LECESTRE:

There must be some devil,

There must be some devil!* (meaning there must be a catch)

JELICA:

There is no devil!

DE LECESTRE:

You avoid the light of day,

even though you know it's a state of war,

and yet you are alone through the deaf night,

That means your passage must be suspicious!

JELICA:

(cunning)

It's just that suspicion falls on me,

And that's just my hunch,

Because I have to bring fresh fruit to people,

Because fresh fruit is waiting for the city of Split!

DE LECESTRE:

No, girl, dear, it doesn't work like that,

Because it could end up wrong,

I shouldn't let such a girl alone,

Young and beautiful through the dark night!

JELICA:

Please let me go

DE LECESTRE:

I won't do you a favor,

JELICA:

I'm afraid I'm going to be late!

JELICA:

Why not, when I ask you?

What you said, is it possible?

I wanted to say the same thing, Trust me now I'm not lying:

You are the boy of my eye,

That's why I like you so much

That's what I wanted to say today,

Trust me now!

DE LECESTRE:

I said no:

Because you, girl, are dear to me,

I would know if I were to kiss you

That's what I wanted to tell you already,

believe me now I'm not lying!

What is it, is it possible,

dear Jelice, is it possible?

That's what I wanted to say today, Trust me now!

(texts in red mean they are sung in the same time, a duet)

JELICA:

*(Puts the basket down by the tent - lively) "*The maiden mother is happy, etc..."

DELECESTRE:

(Hugs her)

A flower in the desert,

But nowhere is his equal,

It is already rare in the garden

That ures!

TOGETHER:

"In the desert a flower, etc..."

(They leave left hugging each other.)

SCENE X.

BACHELU:

(enters suddenly from the right, upset and stern): Guard! Guard! *(Looks inside the tent)* There is no one! That's Napoleon's army to me! This is how the inspection is expected! When De Lecestre is on duty, everything goes wrong! *(Louder)* Guardddddd!!!

SCENE XI.

FIRST SOLDIER:

(Enters from the left, salutes with a rifle, frightened.)

BACHELU:

You?!! *(Pushes the gun away from him.)*

FIRST SOLDIER:

(Quiet, trembling voice):

M ... me?

BACHELU:

You are my guard?!!

FIRST SOLDIER:

Y... yes... I am gua... guard!

BACHELU:

But not French, but *(loudly)* a Turkish guard!!

FIRST SOLDIER:

Tur... turkish guard!

BACHELU:

Do we...

FIRST SOLDIER:

W... we!

BACHELU:

(Gives him a sharp look) Don't we, that is, not us...

FIRST SOLDIER:

No...w...we!

BACHELU:

(Angry) Enough! *(Continues)* Would Napoleon, after Marengo and Austerlitz, allow some kind of Poljičku Republic to dictate peace to him! *(Walks, notices the basket)* Aha, what is that? *(raises the basket)*

FIRST SOLDIER:

B... basket... basket!

BACHELU:

I see it's not a boot! Whose basket is that? *(Throws the basket in the same place.)*

FIRST SOLDIER:

(finger to mouth and quietly)

Pssst!

BACHELU:

What do you mean ”psst?”

FIRST SOLDIER:

T... there! *(He says with his finger to the left.)*

BACHELU:

What is there? *(Looks to the left.)*

FIRST SOLDIER:

He is... examining her and... questioning her!

BACHELU:

(Returns.) Who is questioning whom and who is inspecting whom?

FIRST SOLDIER:

Lieutenant D... De Lecestre is... questioning ... that girl!

BACHELU:

The spie?! *(Walks angrily around the soldiers.)*

FIRST SOLDIER:

(continually honoring him).

BACHELU:

(Looks and threatens to the left) So the questioning and examination in a tender embrace

and Bachela le Beau would have to watch all this calmly?! You are wrong my De Lecestre, I conquered Dalmatia by myself- oh me... with my love

adventures! Here they come- yes! *(To the soldier)* Go away! *(Finger to the right)*.

FIRST SOLDIER:

(pays respects and goes to the right).

SCENE XII.

BACHELU:

(He hides behind the tent) That's right! Wait!

SCENE XIII.

Melodrama.

JELICA AND DE LECESTRE:

(they return from the left side, hugging).

DE LECESTRE:

It's not the first time today! I've been watching you for a long time, Jelice!

JELICA:

(Breaks away from him) Haha! All the officers tell me the same thing when I pass!

DE LECESTRE:

But I'm not like them!

JELICA:

And that's what they tell me!

DE LECESTRE:

Here I swear! I'm crazy about you and I'll always be crazy about you!

BACHELU:

(Angry, to himself) Always?!

JELICA:

How?

DE LECESTRE:

(Spreading his arms, he would rush to hug her again, loudly) Always!!

BACHELU:

(Jumps and stands among her, loudest) Never!!!

DE LECESTRE:

(freezes and greets him) My colonel!

JELICA:

(pulls to the right)

BACHELU:

(Angry) So that's your service! Do you think we are still in a revolution?! Now it's an empire! De Lecestre, a nobleman, an officer of the imperial army, gets involved with an ordinary commoner... and an enemy...

JELICA:

(Looks sharply at Bachela): an ordinary commoner!?

DE LECESTRE:

Pardon...

BACHELU:

...in love... *(looks at Jelica)* this devil is beautiful!

DE LECESTRE:

Pardon me, my colonel, I subjected her to a severe...

BACHELU:

(Scoffs) ...exam, right? In strictly military fashion

Listen, yours is an act of high treason, Second Lieutenant De Lecestre!!

(to Jelica, smiling) Dalmatian women are beautiful! *(to De Le-*

cestre) I, I will examine her and not you, do you understand me!

On duty! *(Gives him a sign to go to the right.)*

DE LECESTRE:

I understand, my colonel! *(He greets and goes to the right.)*

SCENE XIV.

BACHELU:

(feigns severity) spy! Exam? Um, um! Wait! *(Tenderly)* And why are you out so late, dear girl, so alone? *(Strokes her.)*

JELICA:

(sharply) Oh!!

BACHELU:

(very sternly) Um, you won't... you're in a relationship with the damn Moscow admiral Sinjavin! You know who killed Captain Ducroc! Say, say now! *(Again gently)* But... well... how can I say... and Marshal Marmont is of the same opinion, that you Dalmatians are the most beautiful women... well, you know... I have to listen to the superior. .. it's the army! *(Hugs her.)*

JELICA:

(quickly) Why did you scare the young officer so?

BACHELU:

It's the service. *(More gently)* And what are you taking to Split for sale... *(Points to the basket).*

JELICA:

(feigns seduction) ...my dear, figs!

BACHELU:

(jumps): Figs!

JELICA:

(hits him on the hand).

BACHELU:

(quickly, to himself) Why should those cursed spies be included in the military regulations, *(to Jelica)* you know what, the regulations can go to hell!

JELICA:

(cunningly) Why do you gentlemen, all without distinction, deserve to joke with the most ordinary commoner?

BACHELU:

If Josephine could become empress, why not... *(quickly)* what's your name, sweetheart?

JELICA:

(tempting) Mira... *(remembering)* no, no, Jele, Jelica Karaman!

BACHELU:

Not Mira, but Jele, Jelica... why shouldn't Jelica become Marshalica*? You know, it goes fast with us: major, colonel, general de division, marshal... *(gently)* my little fig!

* (Marshalica is a word that comes from the croatian word for marshal and the female suffix, in this context it means marshals wife- it does not have an english counterpart)

Song of Bachelu

BACHELU:

Will you go to Paris with me, little one?

JELICA:

Your speech is but an empty promise,

when I hear it, I think of crazy dreams!

BACHELU:

With me to Paris,

Where shops line the streets!

BACHELU:

There I will clothe you in soft silk, And on your head a brilliant diadem!

JELICA:

Where is Paris?

Where is the row of shops?

BACHELU:

Speech is not just an empty promise,

With me you can fulfill sweet dreams:

JELICA:

You will clothe me in soft silk, And a brilliant diadem on my head?!

BACHELU:

“See beautiful a Marshalica”

The whole world will whisper

A light step, my little goat

And everything will die from envy

JELICA:

All things are beautiful and wonderful, What is my old man* telling me now!

*(Old man can be used as a term of endearment or mockery, here it is used as mockery)

BACHELU:

(surprised) old man?!

TOGETHER:

Look me in the eyes, make up your mind quickly and it's over!

JELICA:

Your speech is just an empty promise etc...

BACHELU:

With me to Paris etc...

BACHELU:

You'll be the most beautiful countess there, There will be splendor all around you!

JELICA:

Where is Paris etc...

BACHELU:

It's not a speech, just an empty promise, etc...

JELICA:

I will be the most beautiful countess there, I will be surrounded by splendor?!

TOGETHER:

“See a beautiful Marshalica” etc...

JELICA:

All things are beautiful and wonderful,

What is my old man telling me now

BACHELU:

All things are beautiful and wonderful.

What is your old man telling you now?

TOGETHER:

Look me in the eyes, etc...

SCENE XV.

(They go to the right.)

Reminescenca.

JELICA:

(Screams from behind the stage) You are crazy!

BACHELU:

(returns angrily) Oho! When Bachelo le Beau hugs you, he's crazy!

JELICA:

(she also returns excitedly): I was only joking with you.

BACHELU:

So you're just joking with me, and you're putting Second Lieutenant De Lecestre to the test in... a hug! *(Gently)* So, do you want to come with me?!

JELICA:

(angry) No, no and no!! *(Pushes him away hard, to herself)* I don't tolerate bootlickers!

BACHELU:

(change and loudest) You... you are no fruit saleswoman, you are a spy! I know everything! You came just to see if the passage is free, because today the Great Count is about to run away... is it true?!

JELICA:

(loud) It's not true

BACHELU:

Shh! steady! Muscovites give you courage, but we will show you and that Sinjavina of yours! *(Threatens towards Russian ships.)*

JELICA:

(scared) ...it's not... You think...

BACHELU:

Who do you think you are dealing with! *(Toward the left and right side, calls)*

Guard! Second Lieutenant De Lecestre! Guard!! I'll make you smart once and for all, you won't think of stalking our army again!

JELICA:

It's all not true! That's a lie!!

SCENE XVI.

DE LECESTRE AND THREE ARMED SOLDIERS:

(enter suddenly).

DE LECESTRE:

(greet him) My colonel, on duty!

BACHELU

(points to Jelica) Tie up the spy! *(To one of the armed soldiers)* Let all armed soldiers come! *(To De Lecestre)* It is very dangerous to make war with these devils!

SECOND SOLDIER:

(greets and goes left).

SCENE XVII.

BACHELU:

Tie her hands!

DE LECESTRE:

But she is an innocent saleswoman...

BACHELU:

(scoffs) You mean because she's carrying a basket?! *(he pushes the basket with his foot)* She's innocent for you, because its better for yourself...

DE LECESTRE:

Pardon...

BACHELU:

There is no excuse! *(To the soldiers)* Tie her hands tightly!

FIRST SOLDIER:

(ties her hands)

DE LECESTRE:

(approaches the bound Jelica, quietly) Don't be afraid, girl, I will save you !

BACHELU

Yes,whisper something sweet to her!

DE LECESTRE:

(moves away from Jelica).

SCENE XVIII.

SECOND SOLDIER:

(enters with all the other soldiers, they all line up waiting for orders).

BACHELU:

So! Second lieutenant De Lecestre with 8 soldiers must occupy the upper side of the road, I will take the lower side with the others! No trace, no sound! We have to catch all these fugitives, tie them up and take them to Split before Marshal Marmont! *(To the armed soldier)* You, you with the cursed spy under the tent, but put out the light and not a whisper! Did you understand me?! *(Short)* On duty!

DE LECESTRE:

(leaves with 8 soldiers to the left, to himself) And this very hour he had to go for an inspection!

BACHELU:

(with others on the right).

FIRST SOLDIER:

(leaves with Jelica under the tent).

SCENE XIX.

Final I.

THE FIRST USTASHA, ANDRIJA, JELICA, DE LECESTRE, BACHELU, THE GRAND COUNT AND OTHERS:

(The light of the moon appears slightly on the left side.)

FIRST USTASH:

(enters lightly from the left, is armed, carefully searches every box towards the left in a muffled voice) Andrijaaa! Andrija!

ANDRIJA:

(behind the stage) Where are you, Luka?

FIRST USTASH:

Here I am!

Come, Bolan*, go ahead, the passage is free!

*(Term of endearment in many ex-Yu countries)

ANDRIJA:

(enters also armed, lightly) Black seas me, brother, foreboding!

FIRST SOLDIER:

(under the tent, coughs sharply).

ANDRIJA:

(scared) Whoa!! *(Shows him the tent)* There he is, there he is!

FIRST USTASH:

But, dear brother, God be with you, *(Puts a cross over his head)* Leave devil of hell and don't chase Andrija!

ANDRIJA:

Desert, brother, army

She settled on us poor people!

FIRST USTASH:

(calls to the left): Come on, people, come forward,

We are really happy handed today!

ANDRIJA:

Poor us!

THE FIRST USTASH:

There is not a soul here, We are all free to pass through!

FIRST SOLDIER:

(he leaves the tent suddenly and goes to the right, but so that they don't notice him).

ANDRIJA:

(in a muffled voice) There, can you hear!

JELICA:

(under the tent, shouting) Faster, Andrija, don't waste time!

FIRST USTASH AND ANDRIJA:

Who is that?!

JELICA:

I'm tied under the tent, untie me!

THE FIRST USTASH AND ANDRIJA:

(lays the rifles, under the tent) Come on, quickly! *(They pull out Jelica and untie her, then go to the left side - waving their hands)*

JELICA:

Come faster, if you know God, the army will take us all alive!

SCENE XX.

THE COUNT, DANESE AND PROVICAR AND TWO OF MOSCOW

(all, except for the count, are armed, the pro-vicar carries the Poljičku flag).

JELICA:

Come faster, if you know God, the army will take us all alive!

ALL:

Here, brothers, we will all perish,

If the army does capture us alive, -

There, brothers, we will all perish!

SCENE XXI.

(Appear suddenly with their soldiers, who disarm all the ustashas)

BACHELU:

(Yelling) Stop!

Cursed Ustashes, stop!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

Stop!

Cursed Ustashes, stop!

BACHELU:

Tie them tightly, because they do not recognize Napoleon as their emperor!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

Let's tie them tightly, because they do not recognize Napoleon as their emperor!

JELICA:

Oh boy, save us!

DANESE:

No! Comedians!

COUNT AND THE OTHERS:

Jacobines!

VICAR:

Godless people!

BACHELU:

(to soldiers) Stronger!! Stronger!!

DE LECESTRE:

But don't be cruel

To deal with poor people

The girl is very gentle,

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

Now we tie them tighter, tighter,

We tie them tighter, tighter,

Let's tie everyone up!

Now you are ours, damned Ustashes,

BACHELU:

(To De Lecestre) I already gave a clear order!

DE LECESTRE:

Because she should be treated gently!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

they don't recognize emperor Napoleon!

BACHELU:

I already gave a clear order! *(Ordering)* Lieutenant De Lecestre, take them all to Split immediately, and the traitor Danese, and these Muscovites and this rag! *(Hands him the flag).* Marshal Marmont wants to personally meet all those who rebel against the most powerful Emperor!

DE LECESTRE:

My colonel, on duty! *(Greet him.)*

BACHELU:

(goes left).

SCENE XXII.

DE LECESTRE:

No girl, dear, it doesn't work like that,

JELICA:

Because everything ended up really wrong,

DE LECESTRE:

Such a girl should not be let alone,

JELICA AND DE LECESTRE:

Young and beautiful through the dark night!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND OTHERS:

In vain now he asks for mercy,

JELICA AND DE LECESTRE:

Now it's all too late,

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND OTHERS:

All pleas are in vain,

JELICA:

However, I will not separate:

Because you are dear to me, boy,

I would know if I was kissing you",

That's what I'm telling you again now,

Believe me, I'm not lying at all!

DE LECESTRE:

I'll save you anyway:

Because you are dear to me, girl,

I would know if I was kissing you,

That's what I'm telling you again now,

believe me, I'm not lying at all!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND OTHERS:

All pleas are in vain!

Only love can save,

It can save all those people

That's what he's telling you now,

Believe, he's not lying at all!

JELICA:

You're the boy of the eye,

That's why I love you so much

That's what I wanted to say today, to say,

Trust me now!

DE LECESTRE:

What is it, is it possible,

dear Jelice, is it possible?

That's what I wanted to say today,

Trust me now!

DE LECESTRE:

The service must still be done!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:

Service must be done!

DE LECESTRE:

Let's go ahead!

JELICA:

Let it be done!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND OTHERS:

Service must be performed strictly!

ALL:

Let's go forward now, forward!

(Curtain falls abruptly).

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

(The hall in the palace of the mayor of Split, Count Cindra. In the middle of a magnificent entrance through which you can see the vestibule and the staircase with two statues. On both sides, smaller side doors. The hall is in the Empire style. On the right, on the main wall, there is a large painting of Napoleon and to the left, Josephine in rich gold frames. The hall is full of chandeliers and candelabras. The stage is in semi-darkness, as the curtain is just about to be lifted.)

SCENE I.

Introduction, Contessa Brillante and footmen.

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(is in the middle next to the whispering room, holding notes in her hand).

FOOTMEN:

(two and two on the side each hold a candelabra in their left and right hands, which they light with a special candle).

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(with a deep bow to the audience, practiced):

“Excellence,

Mes reverences!”

ALL:

“Excellence,

Mes reverences!”

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

How does you like my reverences?!

FOOTMAN:

(kiss sign)

P-p-p, Contessa Brillante!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

Only you are not doing well, you have to do it with the nose!

“Excellence (marked by the nasal »en<<)

Mes reverences!”

Permettez, que je Vous donne une douce et charmante interpretation de une petite et merveilleuse chanson, dont les paroles sont á moi?!

FOOTMEN:

(they mock her, silently imitating her words).

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

“Oh, non si- non,

Si-non si!”

CHORUS OF FOOTMEN:

(as if they were surprised) Aaa!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

“Il m'inspire une forte grande passion,

Non-si non,

Si-non-si!”

CHORUS OF FOOTMEN:

Aaa!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

“C'était le premier que mon coeur ressentait!

Fort doux-lalala

Dans un entretien doux, - lalala

Il rentit compte de son amour,

Avec un baiser, lalala

Baiser- lalala -

Finit la charmante affaire....”

TOGETHER:

Dans un entretien doux, - lalala - ect....

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

“Excellence, Mes reverences!”

TOGETHER:

Excellence, ect...

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Countess Brillante, Marshal Marmont will be beside himself when he hears you!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

Oh, isn't it true?! *(Changing tone)* Just, my men, do not lose time! Place these candelabras on the respective columns!

(She fixes her clothes and hair the whole time) I'm not invited to this party, but I'm glad that everything goes well!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(to the others)

Faster, men!

CHORUS OF FOOTMEN:

(they put the candelabra in place, open the curtain on the door in the background so that lit chandeliers appear and then two and two are placed next to the door).

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

How does you like my ventula from a Venetian factory? (Points to her fan).

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Extraordinary!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(describes the drawing on the fan) This is a gondola with a black sea like a sailor, and this is a mouse with a banner *(looks at the fan towards the light)* and this is the campanile of Saint Mark, *(proudly)* my patriot! *(Shows the dress and turns around)* And how you likes it... *(Footsteps are heard.)*

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Shh! Here they come!

SCENE II.

(The mayor, the mayor's wife and two children enter in ceremonial uniforms).

MAYOR:

(enters from the left) Oh, my bow, Countess Brillante, I'm glad *(coughs)* certainly, I'm glad you're the first today *(Bows to her)*.

ALL:

My bow!

ALL:

My bow!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(suspiciously) My bow?!

MAYOR:

... unfortunately you had to wait alone!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(laughs) Haha, it don't do anything to me!

MAYOR:

Please sit down, contessa! *(Towards his wife - quickly)* Who invited her?

MAYORS WIFE:

I have no idea!

MAYOR:

And this is how it is for you every time! You just take care of her, so that the devil doesn't start shouting some romance tonight in front of Marmont!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(She sits down and so do the others).

MAYOR:

You know, we have, how can I tell you, a very nice evening, two extraordinary acts on the stage, the marshal will surely like it, and you know I wouldn't want *(cough)* for you to get tired of singing...

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(points at the sheet music) This is my short romance for this evening, it don't make me tired!

MAYOR:

(quietly) We're done for , done...

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(offended) How?

MAYOR:

(to the lackeys)

...we are done... with the decoration... Are we?

FIRST FOOTMAN:

We're done, count!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(calmly) Aha!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(looks through the middle door) Here, the guests are coming!

SCENE III.

Guest performance.

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(introduces the guests) Here you go, countess and count!

GUESTS:

(they enter with dignity, admiring the splendor) Ah! Ah!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Here you go!

GUESTS:

(two and two, and bow to the mayor and others).

MAYOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, my bow!

GUEST CHOIR:

Gentlemen, my bow! Countess, Count, Good evening!

CHOIR OF GENTLEMEN:

Not even in a dream

You can ever see this kind of shine,

CHOIR OF LADIES:

Not even in that dream,

not even in that dream

You don't see that kind of shine,

TOGETHER:

The marshal will be enchanted, for the welcome he will be grateful!

CHOIR OF GENTLEMEN:

And only the world in the hall

Just the flower of Split

CHOIR OF LADIES:

And what is the world, and what is it

 the flower of our Split,

TOGETHER:

And a beautiful lady

Marmont will choose today

(Looking around the hall)

Really, how much shine!

MAYORS WIFE:

It's the first time

Its the first time Split can pay respects to the great general,

 And so let it go well:

Marshal Marmont,

Marshal Marmont!

GUEST CHOIR:

It's the first time, etc...

CHOIR OF GENTLEMEN:

 Not even in a dream, etc...

CHOIR OF LADIES:

Not in a dream that one, not in a dream that one, etc.

TOGETHER:

Long live Marshal Marmont!

MAYOR:

So that the guests don't have to wait long standing for the distinguished guest, allow me to escort you to another hall, where we will be able to talk more freely with a glass of maraschino!

GUESTS:

Oh, thank you very much!

MAYOR:

Here you go! *(He points with his hand to the left side door.)*

GUESTS:

(they start walking, but they hear someone's footsteps and stop).

SCENE IV.

DE LECESTRE:

(enters abruptly through the middle door and straight to the mayor) Countess, Count and gentlemen, good evening! I know... it's a bit rude to startle you with my clumsiness.

Namely, it is about one guest, who was not invited by Your Lordship to tonight's party; she is of high birth, she happens to be in Split and she doesn't know anyone there except me. Mr. Mayor, I would like to ask you to allow me to introduce her to the esteemed company, it will give the party itself an even brighter tone, because she is a very beautiful and young Countess!

MAYOR:

Acquaintances of such a distinguished guest are always nice to me, Mr. Second Lieutenant!

DE LECESTRE:

Many thanks for your hospitality, Count! *(For himself, quickly)* I managed to save poor Jelica! There are dangerous guards all around Split! *(He bows and leaves through the middle door, the others are waiting).*

SCENE V.

Performance of Countess Mira, De Lecestra and others.

(Countess Mira and De Lecestre enter with dignity)

DE LECESTRE:

(quietly to Mira) You look like a real countess, just daring!

COUNTESS MIRA:

(quietly to De Lecestire) A real countess? *(quickly)* Introduce me as Countess Mira Dražoević!

GUESTS:

(excited by the appearance of the Contessa)

Ah, ah!!

DE LECESTRE:

(represents the countess)

Countess Mira Dražoević, her bloodline recognizes Napoleon!

GUESTS:

And young and very beautiful!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

I did not find anything extraordinary!

MAYOR:

(coughs to Contessa Brillante to shush her).

COUNTESS MIRA:

Beautiful ladies, lovely gentlemen, Allow me into your lovely company!

GUESTS:

True blue blood!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

Just like any other countess! *(Goes angrily to the left.)*

MAYOR:

(to himself) Thank God!

COUNTESS MIRA:

Our Karlo is the son of Robert,

Ljudevit The first sent him to Dalmatia,

We are really old nobility,

Ugričići, we are old nobility,

I think the honor belongs to me too, Me too?!

GUESTS:

Certainly, the honor belongs to you too!

DE LECESTRE:

(confused, to himself)
That devil lies to you beautifully,
she is dear, very dear!

COUNTESS MIRA:
Near the mountain of Velebit, Croatia
Our family's old home
We are really old nobility,
Ugričići, we are old nobility,
I think the honor belongs to me too,
Me too?!

GUESTS:
Certainly, the honor belongs to you too!

DE LECESTRE:
(to himself)
A wonderful contessa,
and maybe that's true?!

COUNTESS MIRA:
I'm a lively contessa,
Eager to party and dance,
La la la, La la la, - I'll liven up the party,
The Marshal! I will amaze!

DE LECESTRE:
She is a lively contessa,
Eager to have fun and dance,

Laughter never tires her,

I see, she has a gift for that,

She will liven up the party,

The marshal will admire her!

ALL:

Lively [I am / is the] contessa.

Eager to party and dance.

Laughter never tires her, I see she has a gift for it,

I will liven up the party,

Marshal will admire [me/her]!

MAYOR:

(points to the left door)

Madam, come forward!

GUESTS:

Thank you very much!

MAYORS WIFE:

Go ahead, gentlemen!

GUESTS:

(leaving)

Thank you very much, thank you very much!

(They disappear from the stage.)

DE LECESTRE:

(to Mira) Just go with them, I have to go back! *(Aloud)* Gentlemen, excuse me, I must meet Marshal Marmont! *(He bows and leaves the middle.)*

MAYOR:

Please! *(He also goes after the guests.)*

SCENE VI.

(Behind the stage, the first tempo di minuetto is played on the piano from number 11 with a prelude, but both phrases in »E flat major« and »Ac major<< and now louder, now quieter.)

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(enters suddenly from the left, angry, mocking the guests) How dear... um... how golden... um! My dear God, how stupid our aristocracy is... they make the tiniest scum into a miracle! No one looks at me, at my oldest nobility, at my most modern dress, at my ventula from a Venetian factory... hm... and at that small nobody , you just open your mouth like that *(opens mouth)*!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS BELLA:

(enters in the middle in the step of the miniuette and with irony) Good evening, Contessa Brillante Tra-mon-ti!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(also in minuet step, ironically) My bow, Countess Bella Spa-ri-ti!

COUNTESS BELLA:

(right in the corner) No one here yet?

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

No... no one has here yet! *(Change)* Oh, how you choose toilets with great taste! *(For herself)* Fifteen years, what a sight that coltrina is!

COUNTESS BELLA:

And your pretty ventula from Venice, Contessa Brillante! (For herself) That thing I gave to the poor!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(points to the fan again, with a big bow) Count Vincenzo Dandolo, the providor-general of whole Dalmatia, gave me a present for my birthday when I was in Zadra!

COUNTESS BELLA:

(coughs) Countess Brillante, you don't know the calendar very well, because Count Vincenzo Dandolo, the providor-general from whole Dalmtia, hasnt go to Zadar yet...

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(bursts in angrily) How come?!

COUNTESS BELLA:

When you were in Zadar!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(mocking - chanting)

Contessa Bella Spariti, you are jealous!

COUNTESS BELLA:

I am not jealous, because I am a woman with whom the mareshialo Marmont will dance the first minuet!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(curious) What?

COUNTESS BELLA:

With contessa Bella Spariti!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(laughs) Ha, ha, ha! I have prepared three months for this minuet, ha, ha, ha!

COUNTESS BELLA:

I'm not preparing, because the family of Count Spariti knows the minuet, it's hereditary, it's in our blue blood!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(proudly) The Conti Tramonti family is the oldest aristocracy of Venice and most closely the providor Dandolo and the mareshialo Marmont!

COUNTESS BELLA:

Close as in being they servants!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(insulted) Oh, no, not like servants, but like loyal friends! And you? When Croats come, then you called Sparitić, when Venice comes, then there is no more "ić", then call Spariti - you change as the wind blows!

COUNTESS BELLA:

my family is a bit more loyal!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

And my family is even a little more loyal, they love everything, especially Venice and the Croats and the French. Dandolo and Marmont are also dear to us! They are treasured, my love!

COUNTESS BELLA:

But mareshialo Marmont doesn't recognize providore Dandolo!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

That don't do anything to me, Marmont will do dance with me in a minuet!

COUNTESS BELLA:

No, what about me! Mareshialo Marmont does not like bootlickers!

SCENE VIII.

GUESTS:

(they return)

Good evening, countesses!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(to Bella with a bow as if nothing had happened)

Good evening, Countess Bella Spa... ri... ti!

COUNTESS BELLA:

(also with a bow)

Haha! Good evening, Contessa Brillante Tra... mon... ti!

MAYOR:

(carries the parchment in his hand) Who called this one again? *(Aloud)* My gentlemen, please make way to the right and left, so that Marshal Marmont does not surprise us!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(looks through the door)

I think they're coming!

GUESTS:

(they stand to the right and left, hiding the contessa Brillante and Bella, they try to get away from them, but are hidden again. The mayor stands by the door and the lackeys next to the door).

SCENE IX.

Performance by Marmont, Choir and others.

BONNARD AND DE LECESTRE:

(they appear at the door, greet the guests with a military salute).

BONNARD:

Marshal Alexandre Viesse de Marmont!

DE LECESTRE:

Marshal Alexandre Viesse de Marmont!

GUESTS:

The Great Commander will now come to us,

the Great Chevalier, friend of Napoleon,

That day has finally come, and he has arrived in our circle!

Great Chevalier,

Napoleon's friend, faithful friend!

SCENE X.

MARMONT, VIGNOLLE AND ACCOMPANIMENT:

(appear at the entrance).

MAYOR:

(introducing them).

GUESTS:

Admiring and showing honor

to such a leader is a real pleasure,

an event that is very rare,

so the whole evening is a splendor!

Such a picture, what I see now,

All my life I would watch

This is a very rare event,

so the whole evening is beautiful!

MAYOR AND MAYORS WIFE:

Excellence, mes reverences!

GUESTS:

Excellence, me is reverences!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(she would like to make her way to Marmont, but the other guests prevent her from doing so) Now I come: “Ex...-

GUESTS:

(who are close to Contessa Brillante, cough and thus silence her).

ONE LADY:

(enters, carrying an embroidered pillow with a plaque on it, stands behind the mayor).

MAYOR:

(steps in front of Marmont, opens the parchment and reads): Excellency, I'm happy that the honor fell on me, to greet you on behalf of the city of Split. After the long reigns of the Venetians and Austria, only France sends a man, who is to this city and to all of Dalmatia showed the right way. Countless roads, which Austria has only designed and again just designed, you are taking up the project of engineer Zavore in not quite three months carried it all out; the other buildings are harder, which have accumulated around the wonderful Diocletian's palace for centuries and thus marred the appearance of Split, you have with a short command removed them; Youhave turned the front of Split into a wonderful coast through the night; what is the most important, you were the first to admit, despite the opposition of general providoremof the regional of Dalmatia ,Vincenzo Dandolo, in your proclaim to the people the Croatian character of this country. Please accept a sincere greeting on behalf of all the citizens of Split and to remember Split and behold this plaque as a gift. *(The lady with the pillow approaches Marmont, and Vignolle takes the pillow with the plaque and hands it to the young officer)*. I, on the other hand, Excellency, as its first citizen, cry out to you: Long live the famous military leader, faithful friend of the Great Emperor Napoleon from Toulon to Egypt, from Marengo to Austerlitz! Long live Marshal Alexandre Viesse de Marmont!

GUESTS:

(lively) Live, Live, Live!!

MARMONT:

Thank you very much, citizens first,

Dear Sirs, Thank you very much,

That greeting of the city of Split is particularly dear to me, the city of the emperor - the philosopher Diocletian,

City, where there are wonderful people,

And the most beautiful women in the world! *(he stares at Countess Mira).*

COUNTESS MIRA:

Ah, he's a chevalier,

He 's a chevalier!

DE LECESTRE:

(to Contessa Mira):

That was not really necessary!

MARMONT:

(looks constantly at Countess Mira):

Really very beautiful, very beautiful and delicate!

MARMONT:

(soldier's pose):

Marshal Marmont Salutes you for the first time,

Marshal Marmont showed Dalmatia the way: “Me, me adsum qui feci, Me, me adsum qui feci!”

Marshal Marmont Salutes you for the first time!

GUESTS:

Marshal Marmont

Greeting us for the first time,

Marshal Marmont showed Dalmatia the way!

MARMONT:

“Me, me adsum qui feci,

Me, me adsum qui feci!”

Marshal Marmont

MARMONT AND GUESTS:

He greets [You / Us] for the first time.

MAYOR:

(loud)

Long live the young marshal!

GUESTS:

(loud)

Cheers!

MARMONT:

Long live Split!

MAYOR:

Long live General Vignolle and the rest of the entourage!

VIGNOLLE:

Thank you !

COUNTESS BELLA:

(with a gift)

The Family Spariti is looking forward to France!

MAYOR:

(to himself, nervously)

Enough now!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(the same, but she is even more confused) And the Count Tramonti family is even more loyal to the Marshal Marmont and to the providore General of Dalmatia, Count Vincenzo Dandolo!

MAYOR:

(hides them in front of the marshal, behind himself)

Do that one more time, and I'll go crazy!

MARMONT:

(ironically) Haha, Dandolo, who is this Dandolo? If it wasn't perhaps the one sitting at the writing desk in Zadar, the one who would like to defy Marshal... Marmont; maybe the one who thinks he will succeed with his project on the annexation of Dalmatia...

COUNTESS BELLA:

(Brilliantly)

Oh, you're doing well!

MAYOR:

Excellency, I'm sorry to interrupt you, I'm following that polemic. Dandolo links it to some law of Venice, but that is not true, because...

MARMONT:

(interrupts him)

Of course it's not true! Dandolo?! Haha, if that's not the one, what does he mean to defy Napoleon when he issues the decree “Les Provinces Illyriennes"!

GUESTS:

“Les Provinces Illyriennes!”

MAYOR:

Kingdom of Croatia and Slovenia?

MARMONT:

That! For that, there is a strong argument, stronger than little Dandolo, and even the Great Napoleon himself strangely respects it! *(Emphasis) its an e*thnic group!

GUESTS:

Cheers!

MAYOR:

Excellence, so you think about Dandolo...

MARMONT:

(he interrupts him again) I think only one thing about Dandol, that he has a young and beautiful... wife!

GUESTS:

Ha, ha, ha!

MARMONT:

I don't think today is a day for politics, is it?

(to the mayors wife) contessa?

MAYOR:

Certainly! Here you go Excellence, to the small hall! *(Points to the left.)*

MARMONT:

The greatest thanks! *(Offers his hand to the mayors wife and Countess Mira.)* Allow my ladies! I appropriated two ladies at once, but what can I say?, I'm French! *(Does he goes left followed by senior officers with a couple of ladies, to whom they also offer their hands)*

MAYOR:

Ah, indeed, Excellence!

OTHER GUESTS:

Ooh! *(They engage in conversation and go left.)*

DE LECESTRE:

(to himself)

And he had to choose Jelica! How will she manage with him! Marshal Marmont is dangerous, he doesn't let a single one go! *(Goes left.)*

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(last one out of the room, shout to Contessa Bella) And you, Contessa Bella, your ventula has nothing this time either! *(Leave to the left.)*

COUNTESS BELLA:

Contessa Brillante, from your coltrina: fiasco! *(He leaves to the left.)*

(The main entrance has been turned into a small stage)

FOOTMEN:

(They prepare the chairs for the event and turn off the lights).

SCENE XI.

Performances, Contessa Mira, Marmont, De Lecestre, Contessa Brillante and choir.

MAYOR:

(after a short pause he returns, inspects the hall, following the lackeys): Is everything all right?

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Yes, Count!

VIGNOLLE:

(comes back) I guess you're planning a little entertainment for us now, count?!

MAYOR:

(to Vignolle) Yes, the marshal's place is here, and yours is here, general! *(To the door)* Excellence, let me!

MARMONT AND OTHERS:

(they return).

MAYOR:

Here you go! *(Offers him a seat)* There's your seat!

MARMONT:

Thank you very much! And what is this now?

MAYOR:

Excellence, a small show, it doesn't last long, I shortened the program, I knew you were tired and that tomorrow you will have another hard job with Admiral Sinjavin, his people from Poljička, the Makarans and the people of Brač!

MARMONT:

You shouldn't have gone through the trouble of that, count, Napoleon's marshals were already used to those extremes, from the most luxurious hall in the blink of an eye in front of the enemy to knee-deep in mud and vice versa!

MAYOR:

Oh, I believe you!

MAYORS WIFE:

It's the first time

That Split can pay honors to the great commander,

MARMONT:

I am extremely grateful to you!

MAYOR:

And so let it all go well!

MAYORS WIFE:

Marshal Marmont!

MAYOR:

Marshal Marmont!

GUESTS:

It's the first time

That Split can pay honors to the great commander,

MARMONT:

I am extremely grateful to you!

GUESTS:

So let him have a good time!

GUESTS:

Marshal Marmont,

Marshal Marmont!

MARMONT:

(He sits down between the mayor and Mira).

GUESTS:

(they also sit down, at the last chord »ffz« they clap).

SCENE XII.

1. Act (Louis XVI concert)

(The curtain on the small stage opens slightly. The stage represents a luxurious salon almost entirely in gold tone from the Louis XVI era. The harpist is on the left, in the middle is the Cellist, on the right is the Violinist and at the very front is the Soprano with sheet music in hand. Everyone is in period costumes).

SOPRANO:

In the bright hall, when the circle of our fine company is found,
And to the melodious fiddle when Cello and Harp are friends and friends,
All they need is a silver soprano lalala....
A silver soprano,
Joy and happiness must then appear in the hall,
Only with a glance can the Chevalier boldly declare his love
Because that's just why the soprano is there lalala...
Silver that soprano, Because that's just why that soprano is silver,
Because that's just what that soprano is silver for!
 Lalala... Lalala...
Joy and happiness must then appear in the hall, etc.
Because that's what the silver soprano is for!

(The small curtain closes slightly.)

GUESTS:
(applause)
Her voice is clear, The scene was beautiful!

COUNTESS MIRA:
The music was wonderful!

MAYOR:
Contessa, really lovely!

SCENE XIII.

2. Point (Dance of statues).

(The curtain slowly opens again. The stage of the show, It now has a small garden from the Rococo era. Moonlight. Three pedestals for statues, in the middle and on the sides. Before middle pedestal is a bench, behind it an iron fence.There are two balleteuses on the pedestals and the only one the child in the middle. Lady, Chevalier and Amor. They are all dressed in white, giving the impression, when standing still, of real statues. The only guard is colorfully dressed. The other guard is falling asleep, because he is tired, when he wakes up, he locks the door and slowly disappears from the stage. Little Amor wakes up, gets off the pedestal, approaches the Chevalier to wake him up and then to the Lady, giving them a reason to dedicate a few moments to love. The Lady and the Chevalier dance the Minuet, embrace and kiss).

GUESTS:

Amor doesn't let anyone have peace,

Be everything to you,

Be everything,

But when he is convinced that the young couple is in their arms.

He just disappears!

(Lightning. The guard of the statues scares the statues with his sudden appearance, the statues hide behind a tree. The guardian notices the pedestals without statues, thinks of theft and goes to get the other guard, the statues take advantage of this time and stand on the pedestals and freeze, the guardian and the guard steps forward, but miraculously the statues are still in place. The other guard thinks that the guard wanted to play a dirty joke on him, so he arrests him and takes him behind the scenes.)

GUESTS:

(when the curtain suddenly comes down, they applaud wildly).

MARMONT:

(gets up and so do the other guests, following the mayor) Really wonderful, congratulations count!

VIGNOLLE:

Extraordinary, Count, you have amazing taste!

GUESTS:

Wonderful, wonderful!

MAYOR:

Ladies, let's dance now!

MARMONT:

(invites Mira to the dance and dances with her)

I strangely like this contessa ,

I will have to declare my love for her!

Contessa, I invite you to the graceful Gavotte!

COUNTESS MIRA:

A true Chevalier is hard to refuse,

MARMONT:

The dance is very classy and refined

TOGETHER:

The dance in my heart will arouse beautiful emotions...

GUESTS:

Excite beautiful emotions

(Dance will be in my heart, Excite now!)

(They also dance.)

COUNTESS MIRA:

Ah!

With all my heart, I respond to the graceful Gavotte!

COUNTESS MIRA:

The dance is very classy and refined,

MARMONT:

It is a pleasure to be a partner to a gentle and beautiful lady,

COUNTESS MIRA:

It will arouse good feelings now!

MARMONT:

(he comes with Mira fully forward, to the right).

DE LECESTRE:

(stand alone in front,to the left)

MARMONT:

Don't think I'm just flattering your beauty,

Happily receive my sincere words!

I kiss your wonderful eyes

I kiss your beautiful face

And I will love you forever!

Our meeting will remain in my eternal memory,

I will not forget the beautiful picture!

MARMONT:

I kiss your wonderful eyes

I kiss your beautiful face

And I will love you forever,

DE LECESTRE:

It's hard to bear

that jealousy,

really hard,

COUNTESS MIRA:

It came suddenly

And for that it is strange,

It is strange behavior that, -

-

-

It must look strange to everyone,

Strange all that!

MARMONT:

-

-

I will love you forever,

I'm not flattering you

But accept my honest words,

Please receive:

I will love you forever!

DE LECESTRE:

That thing would have to

stop now

that's stupid

Jealousy must stop,

Jealousy must stop,

It's stupid!

MAYOR:

(leads all the guests back into the hall on the left, because he noticed how Contessa Brillante was getting ready for her song).

SCENE XIV.

COUNTESS BELLA:

(remains hidden in the background).

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(remains with the footmen just as at the beginning of the act)

Dans un etretien doux, lalala etc...

FOOTMEN:

Dans un entretien doux, lalala, etc.

COUNTESS MIRA:

“Excellence,

Mes reverences,”

TOGETHER:

Excellence, itd...

COUNTESS BELLA:

(stands behind her).

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(turns around but instead of seeing Marmont she sees countess Bella and a footman who is giving her a round of applause)

COUNTESS BELLA:

(Imitates Marmont in a pose, applauds her - ironically)

Perke vu contessa kanté tré bien, mu vu faré dukes!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

Make fun of me, countess...with your uperclass and estemed family!

COUNTESS BELLA

(imitates her voice)

Lalala! ... la charmante affaire!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(to the footman) And where is the mareshialo!?

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(ironically)

He was going to refresh himself a bit!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

Refresh your stupid head! *(she goes sharply to the left.)*

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(he remains alone on the stage, because the other footmen have gone to the left).

SCENE XV.

BACHELU:

(shows up in a muddy and crumpled suit) Good evening? Where is His Excellence?

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Do it yourself, he is inside *(Points to the left.)*

BACHELU:

No, I can't! Tell him that Colonel Bachelu is officially looking for him!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

Please! *(Goes to the left.)*

BACHELU:

(fixing his suit) Unfortunate De Lecestre,you caused all of this, if it weren't for you I would have been able to attend this party, but I'll show you how you cant go around kissing during the service!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

*(returns)*His Excellence is coming! *(Stand by the entrance.)*

SCENE XVI.

MARMONT:

(enters and calmly listens to Bachela).

BACHELU:

(greet him in a strictly military manner) Excellency, I humbly report that we have carried out your order, completely destroyed the enemy, the Moscow fleet with Sinjavina has set sail for Omiš. The danger has completely passed. Over half of the territory of the Republic of Poljička is in our hands. During the escape, we also captured the Grand Count, the Provicar, the traitor Danese and some of their dignitaries. Only one young village girl escaped from us due to an unexplained case, a Poljička spy... and second lieutenant De Lecestre didn't report for two days either...

MARMONT:

Whoa?!

BACHELU:

Yes, we were also surprised...

MARMONT:

He told me that he was assigned to the Split guard!

BACHELU:

(very quickly) Excellence, have you seen him?!

MARMONT:

Well, he's with me at today's ball!

BACHELU:

(surprised) What do you say to me, Excellence?! Then it's completely safe to say that the spy is somewhere nearby, they don't part so easily!

MARMONT:

(to the footman) Call me, please, Lieutenant De Lecestre, and ask the guests to bear with me for a moment!

FIRST FOOTMAN:

(steps forward) Excellence! *(Goes to the left.)*

SCENE XVII.

DE LECESTRE:

(enters, when he sees Bachela, he wants to go back.) We're done!...

MARMONT:

(to De Lecestre) And you? *(Points to the muddy Bachelu)*

BACHELU:

Lieutenant De Lecestre, do you know what you are doing, are you aware?!

MARMONT:

You also lied to the marshal, I guess you also enabled the escape of your chosen one?!

DE LECESTRE:

Excellence...

MARMONT:

(angry) Excellence?! Do you know what must be done with you now to set an example for the rest of the army?!

DE LECESTRE:

(boldly) Bachela Le Beau wants take revenge on her in this way, because she did not reciprocate...

MARMONT:

(surprised by the answer, towards Bachelu) Did you see him, the lieutenant marshal answers by insulting his superior!

SCENE XVIII.

COUNTESS MIRA:

(enters and follows Marmont) Excellence, where have you been for so long? (Notices *Bachela, takes a step back.)*

BACHELU:

(watches her, quietly to Marmont) It's her!

MARMONT:

(loudly) But you said she was a peasant!

She's overdressed!

BACHELU:

Its a disguise!

MARMONT:

Don't be funny, Colonel, please... and her behavior, a real French contessa! *(To Countess Mira, laughing)* Contessa, this one has you as a spy, haha!

COUNTESS MIRA:

(proudly points at Bachelu) These are my real clothes, Mr. Bachelu, but I'm not ashamed of my peasant clothes either... when they can fight for the freedom of the homeland! I am truly, Excellence, a spy!

DE LECESTRE:

(also proudly) And I wanted to save her, because I loved her even though she is a peasant!

MARMONT:

(calmly) So, are you a contessa?

COUNTESS MIRA:

(proudly) The Dražoevićs are an old nobility from the fourteenth century, but they didn't get the noble title do to flattery of the ruler, but in the fight for freedom! When im dressed in a peasant suit, I continue that fight!

MARMONT:

(to Bachel) Cute and intelligent, *(loudly to Mira and De Lecestre)* but Marmont is first and foremost Napoleon's soldier, and you have both sinned against him! Please continue the fun, Marshal Marmont will already see how to solve this evil game of yours!

COUNTESS MIRA AND DE LECESTRE:

(bow and go left).

(The second tempo di Gavotte from No. 11 is played behind the stage, both phrases, now louder, now quieter, as needed).

SCENE XIX.

MARMONT:

Is the guard out?!

BACHELU:

Yes, Excellency, and the Grand Count was captured with the rest of them

MARMONT:

Take them upstairs for a moment! Let the two guards come up and monitor De Lecestre too!

BACHELU:

On command! *(He leaves)*

MARMONT:

(he follows Countess Mira and De Lecestre and nods his head).

SCENE XX.

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(enters from the left) Ugh! How boring it is, I'm going home!

COUNTESS BELLA:

(follows her) I'm bored too, ugh, there's nothing here!

SCENE XXI.

ANDRIJA:

(He enters with his hands tied).

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(notices him) Oho, here's a brother, why are you here, *(lively)* are you selling figs and eggs?!

ANDRIJA:

Me?

COUNTESS BELLA:

(looks at his bound hands) And why are you binding your hands, brother?

ANDRIJA:

You talking to me?

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(strokes his moustache) Brother, what a beautiful mustache you have!

ANDRIJA:

Is it my mustache?

COUNTESS BELLA:

Now countess Brillante is catching this brother (to Brillante) you must laugh, but who will dance the minuet with mareshialo Marmont?

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

I'm not bored! *(Tenderly)* And why, brother, don't you sit on the poltron? *(to Contessa Bella)* Pretty man, huh?

COUNTESS BELLA:

I like him too! *(She also approaches Andrija, a short pause, then they approach him and both hug him.)*

ANDRIJA:

(lively) Is it really me?!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

(gently) Yes, yes! What's your name, beautiful brother?

ANDRIJA:

Andrija! *(For himself)* These could save Andrija! *(- Quietly,to Brillante)* Aren't you Marmontusha?* (meaning are you Marmonts friend/servent)

COUNTESS BELLA:

No, she is a Dandolusha!* (meaning shes Dondolos friend/servent)

ANDRIJA:

(kisses both) So save the Grand Count and Andrija, if you know God, or we will perish!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE:

We will, We will, my handsome brother! *(she returns the kiss and so does Countess Bella.)*

ANDRIJA:

Boiling in these devils!* (its too hot for him lol)

SCENE XXII.

MARMONT:

(comes back, notices the scene, ironically) Oh, sorry!

COUNTESS BRILLANTE AND BELLA:

(distracted) Excellence, mes reverences! *(They go into the middle, hiding Andrija.)*

SCENE XXIII.

BACHELU:

(enters with prisoners).

MARMONT:

(notices Danese) I won't go near the traitor, let him stand outside!

GRAND COUNT:

(enters in the middle, stops at the door, Bachela, Vicar, Danese and the guard remain in the hall).

ANDRIJA:

(he also retires to the hall).

GRAND COUNT:

(bows with dignity) Excellence and admirable commander!

MARMONT:

(offers him a seat) Grand Duke, it's an honor, please sit down!

GRAND COUNT:

Thank you very much!

MARMONT:

I am convinced that your Republic made a mistake, Admiral Sinjavin misled you! Emperor of emperors, the Great Napoleon thinks of you too, and you oppose him! You know that he does not tolerate small autonomy, only large national entities!

GRAND COUNT:

(proudly) We are, Excellence, an eight-century-old Republic, ever since the death of Croatian Grand duke Miroslav, our statute is the oldest...

MARMONT:

I understand you, Grand Count, but, I tell you, you are small...

GRAND COUNT:

Therefore we should be destroyed?

MARMONT:

Not because of that, but because you also belong to the Croatian people, that's why you fall into “Les Provinces Illyriennes!”Grand count, you forgot that any rebellion against Napoleon must be punished... the ringleaders by death!

GRAND COUNT:

Every force is for the time, Excellence!

MARMONT:

(angrily) It's very difficult to talk to you, they didn't understand the new spirit, the spirit of Napoleon!

GRAND COUNT:

(sharply) The spirit of the Jacobite, the conqueror!

VICAR:

(from the hall) Godless!

GRAND COUNT:

(bows) Excellency! *(Leaves.)*

MARMONT:

(bows) Grand Duke!

BACHELU:

Come on, go ahead! *(All but two guards leave.)*

SCENE XXIV.

GUESTS:

(they come with glasses in hand).

FOOTMEN:

(they would like to serve Marmont, but he refuses them).

MAYOR:

Excellence, you have a tough job waiting for you tomorrow anyway!

MARMONT:

Wait, count, I have another very important matter here to take care of! *(Points to the guard.)*

MAYOR:

What?

GUESTS:

(surprised) Oh, guard!!

Finale, Marmont, Contessa Mira, and guests.

MARMONT:

Gentlemen, don't be alarmed,

GUESTS:

There must be something going on

MARMONT:

Let the guard not bother you,

GUESTS:

we are strictly guarded by soldiers from the outside...

MARMONT:

It's ordinary

military service,

It's ordinary

Military service!

GUESTS:

-

we are strictly guarded by

-

soldiers from the outside...

MARMONT:

But be calm!

DE LECESTRE:

That guard is for me and Countess Mira!

COUNTESS MIRA:

That watch is for me and my lover!

MARMONT:

(strictly) For a spy and a traitor!

GUESTS:

(in wonder) Oh!! Oh!!

MARMONT:

Marshal Marmont must not allow *(order)* such jokes.

Guard, go ahead, lead these suspicious people! *(Calmly)* Gentlemen, please, as if nothing had happened! *(He takes a glass and the guards lead Mira and De Lecestre.)*

MARMONT AND GUESTS:

Marshal Marmont

He greets us for the first time

Marshal Marmont

He showed Dalmatia the right way!

MARMONT:

“Me, me, adsum qui feci,

Me, me, adsum qiui feci!”

Marshal Marmont

MARMONT AND GUESTS:

Greetings [you / us] for the first time!!! *(They raise their glasses high and knock each other.)*

(CURTAIN DROPS SUDDENLY)

ENDING II. ACT.

ACT III.

(The town of Gata in Poljice near Split. Landscape with a distant village and the Mosor mountain in the background. You can see the road, which disappears in a serpentine to the right. It is early evening. On the left is a large tent of Marshal Marmont, on the tent are the flags of the eleventh and eighth regiment.)

SCENE I.

Introduction, Jelica and Marmont.

MARMONT:

(standing with crossed arms and spread legs in front of the tent).

VIGNOLLE:

(to his left, he is sitting in front of a small table with another officer)

JELICA:

(she is dressed as a noble woman, her hands are tied, two armed soldiers are guarding her).

MARMONT:

(strictly)

You are not familiar with it

Where is the great Count is hiding?!

It would be better if you said calmly,

We are sure, "contessa",

There was an agreement

Between you and Officer De Lecestre,

That trip will cost you dearly!

JELICA

(cunning)

I don't believe you,

I don't believe you,

I count on the goodness of Marshal Marmont,

he is a Chevalier,

he is kind-hearted,

I remember his words well!

“Don't think that only

I flatter your beauty,

Happily receive my sincere words!

I kiss your wonderful eyes,

I kiss your beautiful face

And I will love you forever,

Our meeting will remain in my eternal memory,

I will not forget the beautiful picture!

I kiss your divine eyes,

I kiss your beautiful face

And I will love you forever,”

JELICA:

I will love you forever!

MARMONT:

I wont let you sway me!

Sway me!

Reminescenca

MARMONT:

(angrily) Enough of your futile efforts

We need some of your data for the record here,

how can we enter you as a countess or as a peasant, as Jelica Karaman or countess Mira Dražoević?!

JELICA:

As Jelica the spy, who did her duty and saved the Grand Count, I don't want my real name to be known, it's not for my glory!

MARMONT:

I have never fallen for such a rude trick! Dance with a spy! *(Dictation)* So... continue... “dressed in a peasant's suit, but she says that she is of noble birth and that is Countess Mira Dražoević, this stalker completely dominated the young officer of the eleventh regiment, Lieutenant De Lecestre, this traitor used smarts, tricked the captured Grand count and allowed him to escape,and left without a trace...

SCENE II.

BACHELU:

(enters suddenly and greets Marmont) Excellency, I humbly report that we managed to find and capture Second Lieutenant De Lecestre, while the other prisoners escaped on the Moscow warship ”Arrow” to Admiral Sinjavin!

MARMONT:

(angry) Excellent! With what simplicity you say that! *(imitates him)* “the rest of our prisoners escaped!” Was the guard drunk?!

BACHELU:

Excellence, I had foreseen everything, but...

MARMONT:

So if you predicted, why didn't you prevent?!

BACHELU:

...but I could not have predicted that Second Lieutenant De Lecestre would forget so much of his duty and allow the prisoners to escape...

MARMONT:

Second lieutenant of the greatest army of traitors!

BACHELU:

(to Jelica) Everything would be different if you agreed!

JELICA:

I love De Lecestre?

BACHELU:

Love De Lecestre! See if I care!

SCENE III.

BONNARD:

(enters from the left with a company of soldiers, some of them holding burning torches in their hands, greets Marmont): Excellency, on command!

MARMONT:

Wait a minute, second lieutenant! *(Continues dictating),* “and made it possible for him to escape”... How does it go again..?

VIGNOLLE:

(reads) ..”he is alone without a trace”...

MARMONT:

Erase it! *(Further dictating)* ...”caught, he and the spy Jelica, that countess Mira, received the well-deserved punishment. The houses of the grand Count, Provicar and other rebels had to be lit on fire to set an example for other Dalmatians!”

JELICA:

Our people will endure everything peacefully!

MARMONT:

(strictly) I didn't ask the spy anything at all! *(Ordering Bachelu)* Colonel, bring De Lecestre to me at once!

BACHELU:

At your service, Excellence! *(Salutes and leaves.)*

SCENE IV.

MARMONT:

(to Bonnard) All the houses of the Grand Count, Provicar Don Matija Sladojević and the counts assistant in the guild ,a certain Andrija, immediately set on fire , put up signs with

with the inscription: “Punishment to the rebels!”

BONNARD:

Excellence, and with the other rebels who we catch?

MARMONT:

(thinks a little) Do the same! Those stupid riots must stop once and for all!

BONNARD:

Excellence, at your service! *(Leaves with the company walking freely.)*

SCENE V.

JELICA:

(to herself) this poor world!

MARMONT:

(to the guards near Jelica) Keep a close eye on her! *(Entering the tent)* General Vignolle, have you collected the material for me about the Poljački people for the memoirs? *(He enters the tent.)*

VIGNOLLE:

I have, Your Excellency! *(He enters the tent with the others, light is now coming from the tent.)*

SCENE VI.

JELICA:

(guards) Can I sit down, I'm tired?

GUARD:

(strictly) There! *(He points to a stone.)*

Jelica and De Lecestre.

JELICA:

It couldn't have ended worse,

I just feel sorry for him,

I feel sorry now with all my heart!

SCENE VII.

DE LECESTRE:

(appears from the left with one officer).

JELICA:

Ah, here he is!

DE LECESTRE:

(comes close to her)

We meet again,

Ah Jelice,

we are very lucky!

JELICA:

What do we care

When love smiles at us!

DE LECESTRE:

My presence of mind

It must save poor Jelica!

JELICA:

The presence of our spirit must save us!

OFFICER:

(disturbed)

That's not working,

you're talking to each other,

as if you're not prisoners!

DE LECESTRE:

Would I cut you short if you were in my situation and I was in your situation?

OFFICER:

But still, it's dangerous!

DE LECESTRE:

(to Jelica)

Only be brave,

we must not slack off

Otherwise we will be lost !

JELICA:

The inexorable Marshal is Marmont,

There seems to be no happy ending,

JELICA AND DE LECESTRE:

It looks like there is no happy ending,

It looks like there is no happy ending,

There really isn't!

(They hug)

Oh we met again

Our luck is good now,

What do we care

When love smiles at us,

Our presence of spirit must save that poor love,

must save it!

(They kiss.)

SCENE VIII.

MARMONT AND VIGNOLLE:

(enter suddenly from the tent and cough).

MARMONT:

Now the motive of your adventure, Mr. De Lecestre, is completely clear to me:”Loyalty to the grave!”

DE LECESTRE:

(Moves away from Jelica)

Yes, Excellence!

MARMONT:

...but this time really to the grave! *(to Vignolle)* Write!

VIGNOLLE:

(calls the scribe who is in the tent) Watch out, the marshal will dictate!

MARMONT:

Addendum to the minutes: Traitor Lt. Lucie De Lecestre and the spy of Countess Mira Dražoević were caught and shot on June 14, 1807 by Marshal Marmont! (To De Lecestre) So you admit that you enabled the prisoners to escape?

DE LECESTRE:

Yes!

MARMONT:

(to Jelica) And you, that you are a spy!

JELICA:

Yes!

MARMONT:

(To De Lecestre) Are you sorry for what is happening to you now?

DE LECESTRE:

Im not!

MARMONT:

Not that within a few minutes, rifle barrels will be pointed at both of them?

DE LECESTRE:

(louder) Excellence, I'm not a traitor! I grow a great feeling in my heart for the homeland and honor! Please examine me in this case first as a lover and then as a soldier, you will be convinced that one can talk about recklessness, but not about treason! *(Points to Jelica)* Her gaze is enchanting! I appeal to you, Marshal, great lover!

MARMONT:

(to Vignolle) This one will get away with it!

DE LECESTRE:

I faithfully performed my duty to my motherland, as well as my duty to my heart, when I gazed into her fiery eyes! Just remember, Excellence, your encounter with her!

MARMONT:

Oho, I don't allow that much again!

DE LECESTRE:

And her? The countess, she dresses in peasant clothes and sacrifices herself as a young woman to save the motherland... she did her duty just like me, a duty to the motherland and love, and homeland and love, you marshal, as a Frenchman cannot deny!

MARMONT:

(to Vignoll) He got away with it!

JELICA:

(To De Lecestre) In vain, he has a hard shell!

MARMONT:

(to Vignollo) Give me their condemnation!

VIGNOLLE:

(enters the tent, returns with the sentence and hands it to Marmont) Here you go, Excellence!

(Behind the stage, distant crackling of rifles is heard and the village begins to burn, the whole stage is in red flames.)

MARMONT:

(strictly) Do you hear, do you see? It is the punishment of rebellion..
(points to the burning village)... and now I will release you from the spot...
(tears out the condemnation and mercfuly) release you!!

ALL:

Ah!!

SCENE IX.

(A voice is heard from behind the stage) Stop!

ANDRIJA:

(runs in suddenly from the right side) My saint George, save my head!
(Notices Marmont, trembling) You're done for, poor Andrija!

MARMONT:

(sternly) What is that? Who are you?

VIGNOLLE:

That's our fugitive too!

ANDRIJA:

(stutters and falls to his knees) I...I... im not ...

MARMONT:

How are you not?

ANDRIJA:

B... Bu... burns, *(kneels)* S... Sinjavin is to blame!

MARMONT:

And you we will also....

ANDRIJA:

(sadly) Andrije is no more, the earth will blacken him...

MARMONT:

...now in place

SCENE X.

BONNARD:

(enters suddenly with soldiers, still carrying torches in hand) Excellence, Your command has been carried out!

MARMONT:

Have you burned the house of the Grand Count?

ANDRIJA:

(sobbing) They did, how pitiful you are!

MARMONT:

And the houses of all the rebels?

ANDRIJA:

(sobbing) They did, how pitiful you are!

MARMONT:

(points to Andrija) And this one here?

ANDRIJA:

(the saddest) Yes, my sorrow! Here you are, Andrija, until half an hour to the gates of heaven...

JELICA:

(begs Marmont) Our Andrija is a good man!

MARMONT:

(sternly) Now we will also release him on the spot... *(kindly)*!

ALL:

Long live the marshal!!

Final song.

MARMONT:

He is the greatest Emperor and the noblest!

JELICA:

Marshal Marmont is noble!

MARMONT:

I worship love!

JELICA AND DE LECESTRE:

Flower in the desert,

but nowhere equal to it,

And in the garden

that Ures is already rare!

MARMONT:

Such fiery love I worship,

I worship,

That is your salvation,

Your salvation!

ALL AND CHOIR:

A flower in the desert,

But nowhere is his equal,

It is already rare in the garden

Ures that!

(Curtain falls abruptly)

END

Independently translated by : D.D 2024